WINTER SPORTS AT BANFF

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, author of "The Tourist's Russia," "The Tourist's California," "The Tourist's Northwest," etc.

CASCADE MOUNTAIN AND BANFF VILLAGE · THE LAKES IN THE CLOUDS · MT. STEPHEN AND THE TOWN OF FIELD · MALIGNE GORGE, JASPER PARK · MT. ROBSON, THE MONARCH OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES · MT. ASSINIBOINE, THE MATTERHORN OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

THE thrilling promise of map and time-table, the lure of odd names and unfamiliar routes! Across the Canadian border are towns, peaks and streams whose very names spur the imagination and invite one to roam. Settlements of Indian reminiscence—Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Shuswap and Squilax, Kamloops and Spuzzum, the river of the Kicking Horse, the glacier called Illecillewaet, Takakkaw Falls, Yellowhead Pass, Maligne Lake, regal Sir Donald and Assiniboine, Robson and Geikie, the caves of Nakimu, the thunderous beds of the Fraser and the Yoho, the serene vales of the Athabasca and the Saskatchewan: where all these are and how they look we may learn through the magic of transportation.

Travelers across the Canadian Rockies enjoy without leaving the car seat a succession of matchless vistas. More intimate scenes await those who descend at mountain stations and journey by road or trail to awesomely beautiful regions north and south of the main thoroughfares. The way of the casual tourist is attended by all the luxuries of modern service. The mountain lover, the artist, the sportsman and the tepee dweller are equally well provided for, according to their needs.

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A share in this wonderland belongs to each one who comes, how large a share depends upon individual capacity to appreciate Nature in royal garb. Whether the pilgrim boards an express at New York, St. Paul or Montreal, enters the domain of crag and snow by way of Calgary or Edmonton, Vancouver or Prince Rupert, whatever the route, the reward is sure. Only in one's ability to recognize sublimity is there chance of disappointment.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

Banff and Bow River

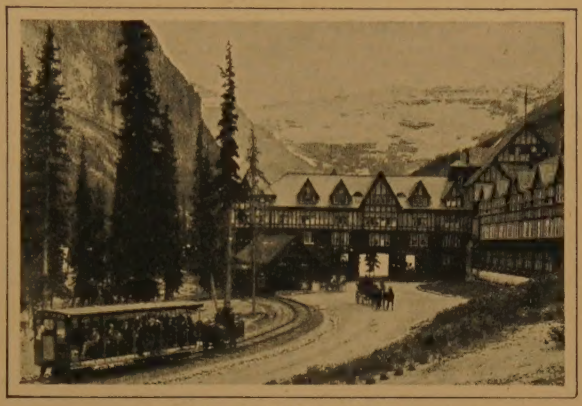
West of Calgary, border crests of the Rockies rise like turrets on a castle wall set high above a plain, foretelling the grandeur that lies beyond. The rails of the Canadian Pacific find space to run where the Bow River forces a passage through the eastern barrier of the range. Soon the silver-headed host gains in height and numbers. Banff, most delectable of North American mountain resorts, is girdled by splendid peaks that stand apart from each other, distinctive entities, massive, grim, superb in line. Through the village flows the Bow River, whose source is hundreds of miles to the north, near the upper boundary of Rocky Mountains Park. This park, 1,800 square miles in extent, was set apart by the Canadian Government about thirty years ago, following the completion of the trans-continental railway from Halifax to Vancouver.

Speaking in exact terms, the Rockies of Canada are only sixty miles wide. But the Selkirks, which lie west of the Columbia River and differ geographically, geologically and climatically from the dominant range, are customarily included in the general term, the Canadian Rockies. The Purcell, the Gold and the Coast Ranges also make part of this area, resplendent with icy summits, forests, starred meadows, rivers and colorful lakes.

JOYS OF THE CAMP

How the Rockies Were Formed

The entire cordillera is a fascinating study in rock formation and glacial action. Scientists ask us to



LAKE LOUISE CHALET

conceive a sea overflowing the territory now covered by the mountains. Sedimentary material, laid in horizontal strata, formed their foundation on the bed of the sea. By geological process the layers of silt were hardened into stone, then by a resistless force, which probably had its origin in the west, the gigantic mass was pressed upward, crowded upon itself, overthrown, hewn into peaks, and sunk into enormous depressions. The base of the Rockies dates from the Cambrian Period. Early in the Tertiary Period occurred the upheaval. The Selkirks are even older than the Rockies. Both systems have been carved by the "agents of denudation"—water, ice and wind. A vast area is believed to have lain in the Glacial Period beneath a cloak of ice, and valleys and lake beds were hollowed out, crests ground down by the movement of the frozen streams. According to geologists, the present-day glaciers, which lie at the head of innumerable valleys, are merely the shrunken remnants of the greater ice-packs of the Glacial Period.

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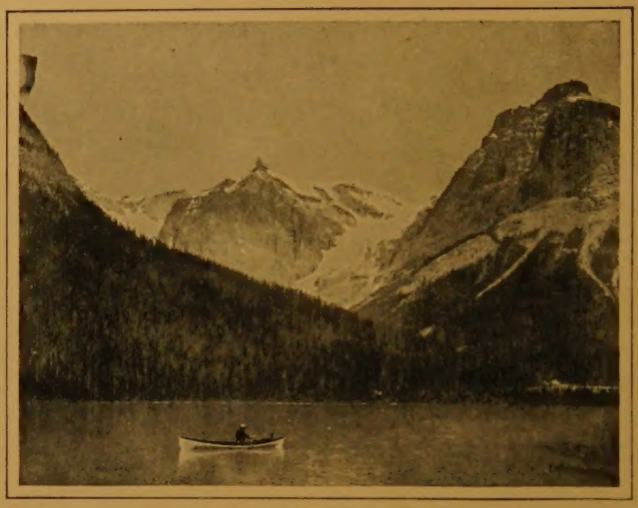
LAKE LOUISE

Many glaciers are visible from the railway, and from tourist trails out of various resorts. The most impressive glacier-bearing peak in southern Canada is Assiniboine, the pyramidal mountain whose head soars 11,860 feet above sea level. It is reached by a fifty-mile saddle trail from Banff, a joyous path bordered by gay flowers and shimmering waters, and beaconed by lofty pinnacles that shine above snowburdened flanks.

Camps and Campers

The tourist who ventures afield with guides, horses and camp equipment inhales the true breath of the Rockies. Camping parties follow the trail for approximately five hours each day, and a halt is then called for man and beast. The "wrangler" unlashes the grub-box from the back of the kitchen horse, pack and saddle ponies are turned out to graze, tepee poles set up, fires made. Soon, alluring odors of coffee



EMERALD LAKE, NEAR FIELD

and bacon mingle with the crisp smell of woods and mountains. At night, beds of boughs and blankets are spread in the smoke-stained tepee for "guests." Guides and helpers, white and red, sleep "spoke-fashion" about the hub of the camp fire, which burns all through the dark hours. On the morrow, if the morrow be clear, everyone is up betimes, trail clothes are quickly adjusted, ablutions performed at a nearby spring or glacial stream, and uncounted flapjacks hungrily consumed. Horses are dexterously caught, and sundry packs rolled and diamond-hitched on patient backs. A new day is begun, a day of guides' tales and cayuse drolleries, of stony trails and petalled alplands, and glinting tarns, and views of summits, alone or in combination, to whose beauty one responds by a catch in the throat, a thrill in the spine, and tears that burn beneath startled lids.

Lake Louise and the Great Divide

The one motor-road through the mountains begins at Banff, and crosses Vermilion Pass and Sinclair Pass to the valley which divides the Rockies from the Selkirk and Purcell Ranges, and mothers the infant streams of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers.

EMERALD LAKE CHALET

The train carries us from Banff in view of wide valleys and gorgeous heights to Lake Louise station, thirty-five miles further west. Three miles up a mountain side, nesting among snow-mantled stalwarts, is the little lake famed throughout the world of travelers for the perfection of its setting and the incomparable hue of its waters. Arriving by electric car at the top of the forest road, one is bewitched by a stainless picture, tranquil, majestic and complete. All about stand white guardians of inspiring elevation. On the face of Victoria, which bounds the far end of the lake, is a dazzling glacier framed in a V of wooded cliffs. Such is the unchanging

KICKING HORSE RIVER AND FIELD

scene that lies before the windows of the great hotel, across the round, blue-green mirror of the water.

Miles to the north, reached from Lake Louise by devious and difficult trails over far-viewing passes, is the immense territory known as the Columbia ice-fields. Mountain groups of sublime height survey broad Alberta forest lands, crossed by rivers born of melting glaciers. The highest mountain between the southern and northern rail routes, a distance of two hundred miles, is Columbia (12,500 feet). Forbes, Lyell, and Bryce are but a few hundred feet lower. Highest of all the Canadian summits is Mt. Robson, on the northern transcontinental route, west of Yellowhead Pass. The altitude of this monarch is 13,700 feet.

From Lake Louise station we climb to Hector (5,199 feet), and stride the ridge of the Rockies. Here, brother streams, sprung from a common origin, turn opposite ways to join the oceans that bound the continent.

We now leave the Province of Alberta and enter British Columbia. The descent from the Great Divide is exhilarating for its views and for its demonstration of engineering skill. Inside a mountain the rails twice make a complete circle, and on three parallel ledges incline beneath the gray eaves of Mt. Stephen to the level of the Kicking Horse River. The hamlet called Field is on the river bank.

Field and Mt. Stephen

Here the valley is so narrow that mountains draw close and make us feel their friendliness rather than their power.

From the back yard of the hotel, climbers begin the fatiguing but comparatively easy ascent of Mt. Stephen's broad sides. This was the first Rocky Mountain in Canada to entice cragsmen.

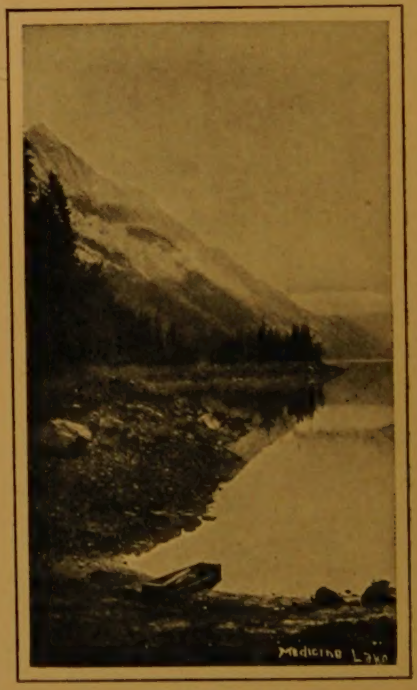
YOHO GLACIER, FIELD

The highest peak, with a base directly on the railway line, it seems to step forward, like El Capitan, granite chieftain of the Yosemite, to challenge man's intrusion here.

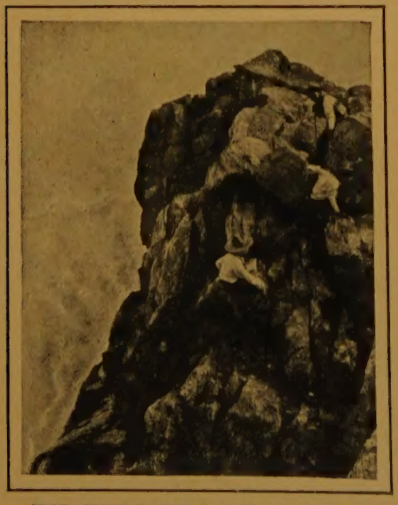
VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

Field is the starting point for a variety of excursions. In referring to such trips, one refrains from extravagant expressions because the pen seems a poor instrument with which to translate the splendor and the loveliness, the fury and the peacefulness of these God-made pictures. A well-built road leads from Field station past the mad rapids of the Kicking Horse, up Snowpeak Avenue to Emerald Lake, within a crested barricade. Another road acquaints us with the super-beauties of the Yoho Gorge and Valley.

Conveyances are for hire at the inns of all the mountain resorts, and stages make regular trips. Guides, horses and outfits are also available for camping, hunting, fishing and mountaineering expeditions.



MEDICINE LAKE



THE THRILL OF MOUNTAINEERING

West of Field, the Ottertail, Van Horne and Beaverfoot Ranges flank the valley. As the road curves with the river, cloud-crowned wraiths start up above stately columns of dark trees, or in radiant clusters wheel into view like mystic legions manœuvering beneath the very walls of heaven. Goodsir (11,676 feet) is the reigning peak above the valley.

MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER PARK

The Selkirks

Beyond the Rockies and the valley of the new-born Columbia the rails toil upward again and approach the Selkirks. Roaring gullies and frightening precipices, wild views of peaks tumbled like storm-tossed waves, glaciers miles wide, rock sides black and forbidding, yet accessible to daring climbers—vigorous elements like these compose the panorama between Golden and Revelstoke. From Roger's Pass one of the stupendous views of the continent unfolds, but to travelers by rail is now lost, since at Six Mile Creek the train, entering a newly constructed tunnel, climbs five miles through the base of Mt. MacDonald, far below the track which formerly crossed the pass, and so reaches the loop above Glacier. Twelve million dollars has been spent to construct this road through the mountain, in order to save time, distance and energy, and the inconvenience and danger of snow slides.

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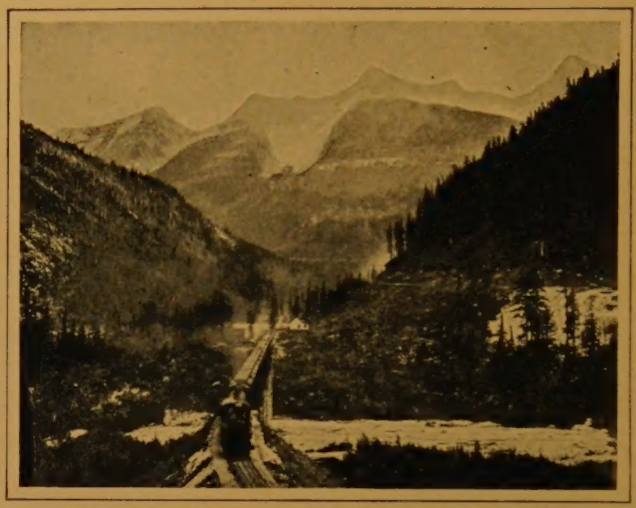
MT. SIR DONALD

Illecillewaet, the Big Glacier of the Indians, is the sensational feature of the region about the station called Glacier. Tourists explore the ice fields with Swiss experts as guides and teachers, and go afoot or in the saddle to high view-points to gain a never-forgotten impression of the breadth and altitude of this rugged, haughty, storm-swept range of the Selkirks. Sir Donald is the beauteous shape upreared harmoniously behind the Great Glacier. Its apex, which frequently tempts mountaineers, is 10,808 feet above the

ALBERT CANYON, WEST OF GLACIER

sea. The king of the Selkirks in point of height is Sir Sandford, whose summit, seen far to the north within the broad bend of the Columbia River, thrusts six hundred feet further into the clouds.

The sculpturing agency of water is vividly demonstrated at Albert Canyon, west of Glacier, where the Illecillewaet River has hewn for itself a narrow bed between perpendicular walls.



THE IMPERIAL LIMITED AT GLACIER

Revelstoke, the only town of industrial importance between Calgary and Vancouver, is sentineled by outposts of the Selkirks that look down upon the meeting of the Illecillewaet with the Columbia. We cross the white flood of the latter stream, rolling southward now, and pass beyond the Gold Range to a realm of fine lakes and canyons. Beside the historic Fraser, or climbing the cliffs above it, we make our way to the Pacific. To the south, in the State of Washington, beckons Mt. Baker, one of the mighty galaxy of snow-caps that parallels the coast from Alaska to Mexico.

ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL
Five miles in length, through Mt. MacDonald

We have traveled nearly six hundred tortuous miles from Calgary to reach Vancouver, and throughout the entire distance have held in view the Rocky Mountains or peaks of neighboring ranges. South of Calgary and north of Glacier National Park, in Montana, rail lines make easy of access the imposing Crowfoot route across the Rockies to the Kootenay Valley and on to the Columbia. The Arrow Lakes, formed by the expansion of the erratic Columbia below Revelstoke, are notable for their beauty even in a region where scenic splendor is taken as a matter of course. One may travel their length in comfortable steamers without fatigue or inconvenience, and feast throughout the day and early evening upon such views as few parts of Canada or the United

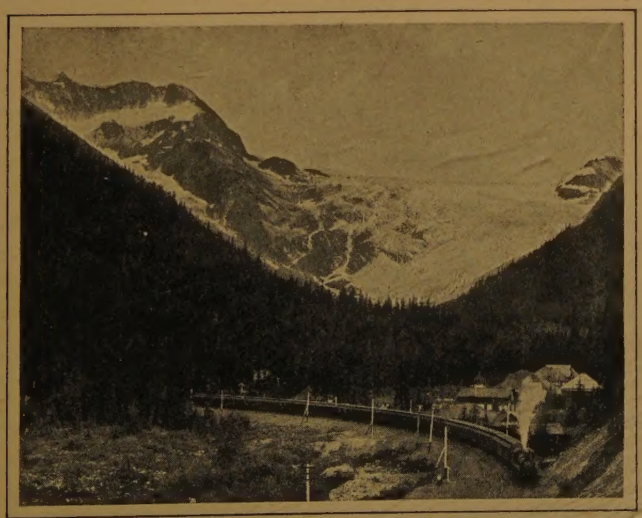
States can offer. Yet the name of the twin, high-walled reaches of calm water, shadowed by summits two miles high, is familiar to but few travelers.

Jasper Park and Yellowhead Pass

Since 1914 two new roads have been opened to traffic through silent mountain-ways of the Northwest which formerly were known only to adventurers. The route of the railways is the one pursued a century and a half ago by Hudson's Bay Company traders and "Nor'westers" in traveling from Fort Edmonton to posts on the Fraser, the Columbia and the Pacific. Years later came explorers who assailed the baffling summits about Yellowhead Pass. They braved perils and discomforts of bog and forest, avalanche and precipice. We of today gaze from a car window on glories which men once beheld at risk of life.

ILLICILLEWAET VALLEY

Rocks of extraordinary contour mark the Athabasca Valley on the east, and lakes of peculiar origin, and hot springs which rival those of Banff, and hill-girt passage-ways of uncanny characteristics. These add mystery to the ascent as we draw near the sovereign peaks that stand in the high places overlooking the valley and its crooked stream. The chief wonders of this northern tract traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern lines are within the bounds of national parks. East of Yellowhead Pass is Jasper Park. On its southern border stands the mountain named for Edith Cavell, in memory of her martyrdom. At Jasper (the name recalls the rigorous days of fur trader and trapper), tourists alight to follow the trail to Maligne Gorge, Medicine Lake and Maligne Lake. The trip discloses some of the most impressive pictures in the mountain realm. The gorge is unique among river channels. Maligne Lake, called by artist



THE LOOP, GLACIER

travelers the loveliest sheet of water on the continent, is circled by peaks of extraordinary height, shape and grace.

Mt. Robson the Supreme

Beyond the Pass is the supreme one-mountain tableau of the Rockies. Already we are familiar with groups and files of excelling summits. But from the ledge of the cliff along which the rails of both roads crawl, we look upon the loftiest giant of them all, reposing in lonely majesty, with the wide, level valley of the Fraser as footstool. Here, Nature with benevolent hand has withdrawn all obstacles to a view from base to crest of the Dominion's premier peak, Mt. Robson. There are other noble summits within sight—craggèd Whitehorn, Rearguard, Resplendent, but like myrmidons in glittering armor they stand apart. Robson rules alone, o'ertopping all the rest.

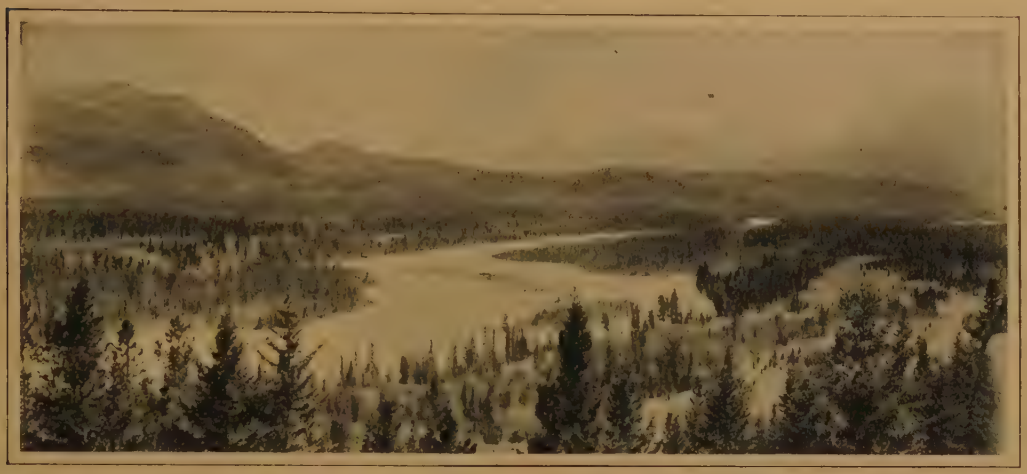
Approaching the Coast

The Fraser companions the rails, flowing with ever-increasing impetuosity, and eventually turning north, then south across the Caribou country to meet the road we first traveled. Proceeding to the west, we journey beside the riotous Bulkley, known for its salmon-runs and its teeming rapids. New villages, children of the railway; old settlements where Indians of strange traditions dwell; recurring mountain vistas that announce the proximity of the Coast Range; the Skeena River, bordered by snowy walls—such scenes divert our progress through

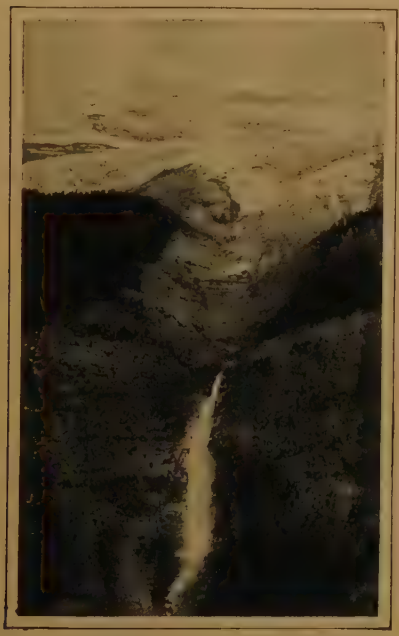
MT. REARGUARD
A neighbor to Mt. Robson

MT. CAVELL AND LAKE, JASPER PARK
Named after Edith Cavell, the English martyr nurse

EMPEROR FALLS
Mt. Robson Park



ATHABASCA VALLEY



TAKAKKAW FALLS, YOHO PARK

the fresh plotted fields and homeless solitudes of this north country from the Rockies to the Pacific.

Mt. Sir Robert

A peak which appears within the surplice of the foothills below Darreen, and one hundred and twenty-five miles east of Prince Rupert, has recently been named Sir Robert, for the Premier of Canada. The ice stream, a mile in width, which floods the mountainside with greenish white, is known as Borden Glacier.

At Prince Rupert a steamer waits to carry us down the coast to Vancouver, amid islands and waterways whose beauties we may, with The Mentor's permission, explore another day.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

CLIMBS AND EXPLORATIONS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
By H. E. M. Stutfield and J. Norman Collie

IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES *By James Outram*

THE ROCKIES OF CANADA
By Walter Dwight Wilcox

AMONG THE CANADIAN ALPS
By Laurence J. Burpee

MOUNTAINEERING AND EXPLORATION IN THE SELKIRKS *By Howard Palmer*

THE SELKIRK RANGE *By A. O. Wheeler*

GLACIERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES AND SELKIRKS *By William Hittell Sherzer*

CAMPFIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
By William T. Hornaday

THE TOURIST'S NORTHWEST
By Ruth Kedzie Wood

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

About once in so often it seems necessary to "talk a little shop." Our membership is growing constantly, and it is the case with us as it is with that of any fast swelling assembly—someone has to stand up now and then and tell the newcomers what they should know about the Service. Many members are so intent on getting all the information they can—their appetites are so keen—that, like Oliver Twist, they present themselves at headquarters, with The Mentor in hand, and eagerly "ask for more." We are glad that it is so. This interest on the part of so many is the best sign in the world of the health and vitality of The Mentor plan. But don't let us misunderstand. Let us get The Mentor method clear in our minds. It is very simple. It is summed up in our phrase: "Learn One Thing Every Day." It means that The Mentor way is a single one. The Mentor takes up one thing at a time, one idea at a time, or one phase of a subject at a time.

★ ★ ★

The reason for calling attention anew to this is in the following note, just received:

The Mentor on "Planet Neighbors" was very good, and I enjoyed it. Why did you not give us something about the Stars, the Milky Way, and the Constellations?

The subject of the Planets was a pretty big one for one number of The Mentor—and our mail tells us that we covered it well. If we did so, then that number of The Mentor fulfilled its purpose. It gave in a simple, condensed form the essential facts about one subject. So when someone asks eagerly for "more," our answer is: "Be patient. The Stars will come in for treatment in turn. We cannot cover the whole Universe in one number of The Mentor. The Mentor Course is a continuous one, and it will go on for years. Stay with us, and you will get in time all the subjects that you want."

★ ★ ★

Here is a message of another sort—a greeting that freshens up our day's work and makes us feel a new satisfaction in giving Mentor Service:

Long live The Mentor! Each number is an inspiration and joy to me. It is up to date in every way, and gives so much on important subjects in small space. I am not writing this for you to publish, but to express to you and all your associates my appreciation of the valuable knowledge you give at such low cost. The Mentor has become a necessary factor in my mental growth.

We are just beginning a new fall and winter season of Mentor Service. I ask for no greater encouragement or inspiration than the assurance from the rest of our readers that The Mentor is, in their lives too, a "necessary factor of mental growth."

★ ★ ★

The best way for a man or a nation to keep fresh, young and vitally efficient is to cherish a few enthusiasms. It is fire that makes the machine go. One day last August there was a group of soldiers and civilians on an aviation field—one of them a young French officer. A member of the group suddenly put the familiar old question, "What's this war for, anyway? Does anyone know?" There was no answer. All had heard that sort of talk before. The speaker went on: "Here we are: American, English, Italian and French. Then there are the Russians and the rest of them. And what's it all for?" Turning to the Frenchman he exclaimed: "Do you know what you are fighting for?"

"Yes!" the answer, was like the snap of a pistol.

"Well, what?"

The young officer stooped quickly, tore a piece of sod from the earth and pressed it to his lips.

"For France! France!" he exclaimed.

Do you get the full thrill of that? It may sound theatrical to the cool, safe and formal mind, but it means something big and vital in national life. The sod that the young French officer lifted as a symbol of his national sentiment was American sod. Let him be assured that there are millions here that would press that sod to their lips and cry, with equal fervor,

"For my Country!"

★ ★ ★

The mail has just brought us a stimulating inquiry from a young man in the far Southwest. He asks us to tell him "How to end the war in 250 words." How we wish we could do it!

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

ONE

COROT, like many artists, began working in detail—that is, he tried to portray everything that he saw, each in its proper place. When he drew a house, he showed whether the roof was shingled, or made of straw or tile; when he painted a tree, he revealed the texture of the bark and the shape of the leaf. His early pictures are beyond criticism; they are complete in detail, accurate and *hard*. If he had gone on painting in that manner, he would have become an irreproachable painter, he would have had a ready market for his works, and the critics would have approved. He would have become just like a hundred other French painters—but he would never have become the great artist he was.

It is interesting to know that the two greatest landscape painters that ever lived were both city born and bred. Turner, the Englishman, was born in London, the son of a barber, and he never saw the country until he was a grown man. Corot was born at Paris and knew very little of the country for many, many years.

The father of Corot was a French peasant. Like many other peasants, he was active and economical; but with these qualities he combined a rarer one, that of intelligence. So he decided to move to Paris to make his fortune. There he became a clerk in a dry-goods store. In the millinery department of this store was a young Swiss girl. It was not long before the clerk and the girl fell in love and were married. Their son, Jean-Baptiste Camil'e Corot (zhong-bahp-teest' kah-meel' co-ro'), was born at Paris in a house on the Quai by the Rue du Bac (ryu doo bahk), now demolished, on July 26, 1796. It was fortunate for the boy that his parents were such solid, well-to-do, respectable people, for whereas some of his artist friends of later life were often in want and financial distress, Corot never suffered for lack of money.

Corot's mother was a clever woman. She was a skilled worker with the needle and showed good taste and talent. So, after her marriage, she decided to keep up with her work. The rooms downstairs in their house were opened up as a little shop, and a show-window was put in. In due course of time, a paying business was built up. Father Corot managed the store. Corot as a child was put to work there for the sake of discipline. This discipline was valuable to him later on; and it was his boast that he reached his studio every morning at three minutes to eight.

It is undoubtedly true that Corot inherited his artistic impulses from his mother. In her business she often drew designs for patterns, and she could make a sketch of a garment as it would look when completed. Even as a boy Corot made little pictures, and his mother encouraged him in this. Neither of his parents, however, expected or even hoped that he would become a great painter. In fact, his father discouraged the youth's aspirations.

For there is no question but that Corot was a very bad clerk. The truth is that he could not become interested in his work. He was a great disappointment to his father, who considered him exceptionally dull, and a failure. He thought his son was big, fat and lazy, and very foolish to spend all his leisure time in the Louvre looking at pictures. Father Corot declared that the boy's mother was ruining him by encouraging him in his impractical pursuits. Finally, they decided to get him another position; but after a month at this place he was discharged. Then young Corot stayed around home, playing the violin and amusing the sewing girls in his mother's shop. The girls all liked him for his invincible good nature. "Mamma is a sculptor who improves upon Nature," Corot one day said jokingly. "If a woman hasn't a good form Madam Corot can supply her with one."

Corot never made such jocular remarks in front of his father, though. He was a little afraid of this stern parent

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COROT hated commercial life and despised what he called its "business tricks." Nevertheless, he remained faithfully in it until he was twenty-six years old. He had a young artistic companion, named Achille Michallon (ah-keel' meesh-ah-long), the son of a sculptor. Young Michallon modeled in clay, and painted fairly well also.

He, undoubtedly, kept firing the mind of young Corot to follow an artistic career.

Finally, when Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot was twenty-six years old, his father decided that he was a flat failure and thought that at least he could not do much worse in art. So he determined to let him have his way and try to win fame and fortune with a silly (as it seemed to him) painting brush.

So he said to his son, "Camille, you are of an age when you should be at the head of a business; your sisters' portions were ready when they were required, and I was hoping soon to provide you too with a good establishment; but since you refuse to continue in trade, and wish to be a painter instead, I warn you that as long as I live you will have no capital at your disposal. I will, however, settle upon you the sum of 1500 francs ($300) a year for life, and you can follow your inclinations; but depend upon it, you shall have no more than I have named. I am done—now go and do what you want."

However, in 1846, when the Cross of the Legion of Honor was bestowed upon his son, Father Corot was so surprised that he doubled this allowance. "For," as he remarked in amazement, "Camille seems to have some talent after all."

Young Corot was so delighted to hear his father's decision that he burst into tears and embraced him. He decided to begin his artistic career immediately, and, announcing his intention to the sewing girls, took his easel and paints and went down on the towpath of the Seine (sane) to paint his first landscape. The girls came trooping after him to see Monsieur Camille at his work. One little girl, Mademoiselle Rose, stayed longer than the rest. Corot told of the incident thirty years afterward, and added, "I have not married—Mademoiselle Rose has not married—she is alive yet, and only last week was here to see me. Ah! what changes have taken place—I have that first picture I painted yet—it is the same picture and still shows the hour and the season, but Mademoiselle Rose and I, where are we?"

At first the young painter worked with his friend Michallon, but the latter died very shortly. Then Corot turned to the master of his friend, and became a pupil of Victor Bretin (breh-tan), a painter then much in vogue and deeply imbued with the scholastic traditions. At that time it was considered necessary for the completion of a painter's education to make a trip to Italy. So, in 1825, Corot went with his master to that country, visiting Rome and Naples. While there he did some of his earliest pictures, showing minute attention to form and modelling. This apprenticeship served him well later on in life.

While in Italy, Corot was so attracted by the moving life on the streets that he longed to transfer it to a sketch book. But the figures would not remain still long enough to be drawn methodically as he had learned to do, so he attempted to attain with a few strokes the general effect of he moving picture. So successful was he in this that after a time he could rapidly sketch the appearance of even so intricate a scene as a ballet. In this way he learned the value of generalization and of uniting the most important qualities of objects so as to suggest, rather than distinctly to describe.

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COROT made three visits to Italy. It was not until he had returned from his third trip and was forty-six years old that the landscape of France began to appeal to his imagination. At last he became acquainted with Rousseau and the other Barbizon (bahr-bi-zong′) painters. In the Barbizon School, or the "men of 1830," as they were often named, were a number of painters of supreme genius. These men—Rousseau (roo-so′), Daubigny (do-been-yih′) Dupré (dew-pray′), Troyon (trwah-yong′), Diaz (dee-ahth′), Jacque (zhahk), Millet (mee-lay′) and others—formed a congenial group of simple, sincere landscape painters, who gathered at the little village of Barbizon, about three miles to the north of Fontainebleau (fong-tane-blo′) in France. Their aim was to represent Nature as surrounded by air and light, and they were rebels against the stiff classic spirit of the French painting of the time.

At this time there was no market for Corot's work. He would have been surprised if anyone wanted to buy. Still his income was a dollar a day, and that was plenty for his simple needs. One day in 1830 he was walking through the country about thirty-five miles southeast of Paris. Suddenly and unexpectedly he came upon an attractive little straggling village, nestling at the foot of the Forest of Fontainebleau. This was the village of Barbizon. Corot found there a little inn, so clean and simple that he stayed two days. The landlord liked the big, jolly stranger. In addition to his painting outfit, Corot carried a mandolin, a harmonica, a guitar, and two or three other small musical instruments. Invited to play, he made music for the village, and to pay for his board painted a sketch on the tavern wall. That sketch is there to this day. When Corot went back to Paris, he showed his artist friends some of the sketches he had made there, and told of the little inn where life was so simple and cheap. Soon Rousseau and Diaz went down to Barbizon, and Daubigny followed them. In a few years, Barbizon grew to be a sort of resort for artists. In a letter to Dupré, Corot described his sensations at Barbizon:

> One gets up early, at three in the morning, before the sun; one goes and sits at the foot of a tree; one watches and waits. One sees nothing much at first. Nature resembles a whitish canvas on which are sketched scarcely the profiles of some masses, everything is perfumed, and shines in the fresh breath of dawn. Bing! The sun grows bright, but has not yet torn asunder the veil behind which lie concealed the meadows, the dale, and hills of the horizon. The vapors of night still creep, like silvery flakes, over the numbed-green vegetation. Bing! Bing! —a first ray of sunlight —a second ray of sunlight—the little flowers seem to wake up joyously. They all have their drop of dew which trembles—the chilly leaves are stirred with the breath of morning—in the foliage the birds sing unseen—all the flowers seem to be saying their prayers. Loves on butterfly wings frolic over the meadow and make the tall plants wave—one sees nothing—yet everything is there—the landscape is entirely behind the veil of mist, which mounts, mounts, sucked up by the sun; and, as it rises, reveals the river, plated with silver the meadows, trees, cottages, the receding distance—one distinguishes at last everything that one had divined at first.

In the same letter he describes the evening.

> Nature drowses—the fresh air, however, sighs among the leaves—the dew decks the velvety grass with pearls. The nymphs fly—hide themselves—and desire to be seen. Bing!—a star in the sky which pricks its image on the pool. Charming star, whose brilliance is increased by the quivering of the water, thou watchest me—thou smilest to me with half-closed eye! Bing!—a second star appears in the water, a second eye opens. Be the harbingers of welcome, fresh and charming stars. Bing! Bing! Bing!—three, six, twenty stars. All the stars in the sky are keeping tryst in this happy pool. Everything darkens, the pool alone sparkles. There is a swarm of stars—all yields to illusion. The sun being gone to bed, the inner sun of the soul, the sun of art, awakens. Bon! there is my picture done!

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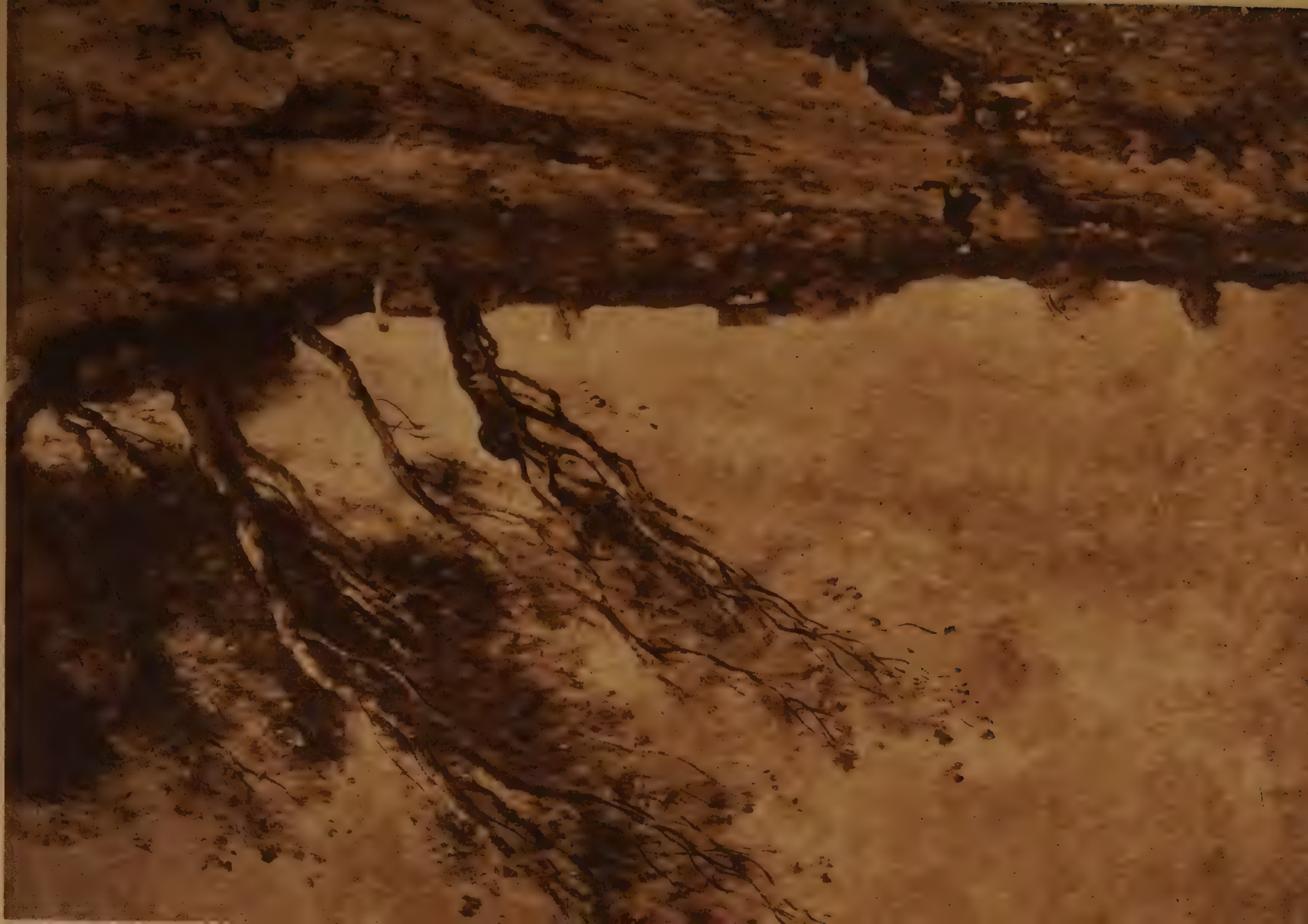

THIS letter, quoted in the last monograph, is very characteristic of Corot, as is the following famous one to his friend Stevens Graham, which has been freely translated as follows:

A landscapist's day is divine. You are jealous of the moments, and so are up at three o'clock—long before the sun sets you the example.

You go out into the silence and sit under a tree, and watch and watch and wait and wait.

It is very dark—the nightingales have gone to bed, all the mysterious noises of night's forenoon have ceased—the crickets are asleep, the tree-toad has found a nest—even the stars have slunk away.

You wait.

There is scarcely anything to be seen at first—only dark, spectral shapes that stand out against the blue-black of the sky.

Nature is behind a veil, upon which some masses of form are vaguely sketched. The damp, sweet smell of the incense of spring is in the air—you breathe deeply—a sense of religious emotion sweeps over you—you close your eyes an instant in a prayer of thankfulness that you are alive.

You do not keep your eyes closed long though—something is about to happen—you grow expectant, you wait, you listen, you hold your breath—everything trembles with a delight that is half pain, under the invigorating caress of the coming day.

You breathe fast, and then you hold your breath and listen.

You wait.

You peer.

You listen.

Bing! A ray of pale yellow light shoots from horizon to zenith. The dawn does not come all at once, it steals upon you by leaps and subtle strides, like deploying pickets.

Bing! Another ray, and the first one is suffusing itself across an arc of the purple sky.

Bing, bing! The east is all aglow

The little flowers at your feet are waking in joyful mood

The chirrup of birds is heard. How they do sing! When did they begin? You forget them in watching the rays of light.

The flowers are each one drinking its drop of quivering dew

The leaves feel the cool breath of the morning, and are moving to and fro in the invigorating air.

The flowers are saying their morning prayers, accompanied by the matin song of the birds.

Amoretti, with gauzy wings, are perching on the tall blades of grass that spring from the meadows, and the tall stems of the poppies and field lilies are swaying, swaying, swaying a minuet motion fanned by the kiss of the gentle breeze. Oh, how beautiful it all is! How good God is to send it! How beautiful! How beautiful! But merciful ease! I am forgetting to paint—this exhibition is for me, and I'm failing to improve it. My palette—the brushes—there, there!

We can see nothing—but you feel the landscape is there—quick now, a cottage away over yonder is pus ing out of the white mist. To thine easel—go!

Oh! it's all there behind the translucent gauze—I know it—I know it—I know it!

Now the white mist lifts like a curtain—it rises and rises and rises.

Bam! the sun is risen.

I see the river, like a stretch of silver ribbon; it weaves in and out and stretches away, away, away.

The masses of the trees, of the meads, the meadows—the poplars, the leaning willows, are all revealed by the mist that is reeling and rolling up the hillside.

I paint and I paint and I paint, and I sing and I sing and I paint!

We can see now all we guessed before. Bam, bam!

The sun is just above the horizon—a great golden ball held in place by spider threads.

I can see the lace made by the spiders—it sparkles with the drops of dew.

I paint and I paint and I sing and I paint.

Oh, would I were Joshua—I would command the sun to stand still.

And if it should, I would be sorry, for nothing ever did stand still, except a bad picture. A good picture is full of motion. Clouds that stand still are not clouds—motion, activity, life, yes, life is what we want—life!

Bam! A peasant comes out of the cottage and is coming to the meadow.

Ding, ding, ding! There comes a flock of sheep led by a bell wether. Wait there a minute, please, sheepy, sheepy, and a great man will paint you.

All right then, don't wait. I didn't want to paint you anyway

Bam! All things break into glistening—ten thousand diamonds strew the grasses, the lilies and the tall stalks of swaying poppies. Diamonds on the cobwebs—diamonds everywhere. Glistening, dancing, glittering light—floods of light—pale, wistful, loving light: caressing, blushing, touching, beseeching, grateful light.

Oh, adorable light! The light of morning that comes to show you things—and I paint and I paint and I paint.

Oh, the beautiful red cow that plunges into the wet grass up to her dew-laps! I will paint her. There she is—there!

Here is Simon, my peasant friend, looking over my shoulder.

"Oho, Simon, what do you think of that?"

"Very fine," says Simon, "very fine!"

"You see what it is meant for, Simon?"

"Me? Yes, I should say I do—it is a big red rock."

"No, no, Simon, that is a cow."

"Well, how should I know unless you tell me," answers Simon.

I paint and I paint and I paint.

Boom! Boom! The sun is getting clear above the tree-tops. It is growing hot.

The flowers droop.

The birds are silent.

We can see too much now—there is nothing in it. Art is a matter of soul. Things you see and know all about are not worth painting—only the intangible is splendid. Let's go home. We will dine, and sleep, and dream. That's it—I'll dream of the morning that would not tarry—I'll dream my picture out, and then I'll get up and smoke, and complete it, possibly—who knows!

Let's go home.

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BAM! Bam! It is evening now—the sun is setting. I didn't know the close of the day could be so beautiful—I thought the morning was the time.

But it is not just right—the sun is setting in an explosion of yellow, of orange, or rouge-feu, of cherry, or purple. Ah! it is pretentious, vulgar. Nature wants me to admire her—I will not. I'll wait—the sylphs of the evening will soon come and sprinkle the thirsty flowers with their vapors of dew.

I like sylphs—I'll wait.

Boom! The sun sinks out of sight, and leaves behind a tinge of purple, of modest gray touched with topaz—ah! that is better.

I paint and I paint and I paint.

Oh, Good Lord, how beautiful it is—how beautiful!

The sun has disappeared and left behind a soft, luminous, gauzy tint of lemon—lemons half ripe. The light melts and blends into the blue of the night.

How beautiful! I must catch that—even now it fades—but I have it: tones of deepening green, pallid turquoise, infinitely fine, delicate, fluid and ethereal.

Night draws on. The dark waters reflect the mysteries of the sky—the landscape fades, vanishes, disappears—we cannot see it now, we only feel it is there.

But that is enough for one day—Nature is going to sleep, and so will we, soon. Let us just sit silent a space and enjoy the stillness.

The rising breezes are sighing through the foliage, and the birds, choristers of the flowers, are singing their vesper songs—calling, some of them, plaintively, for their lost mates.

Bing! A star pricks its portrait in the pond.

All around now is darkness and gloom—the crickets have taken up the song where the birds left off.

The little lake is sparkling, a regular ant-heap of twinkling stars.

Reflected things are best—the waters are only to reflect the sky—Nature's looking glass. The sun has gone to rest; the day is done. But the Sun of Art has arisen, and my picture is complete. Let us go home."

In this letter may be seen the bubbling, boyish good cheer of Corot. Another incident will illustrate it further. One day the artist was attempting to secure certain effects in a picture. Time and again without success he tried to catch the idea and place it upon the canvas. At last, however, he secured what he wanted. Then, rushing across the fields, to where a peasant was ploughing, he seized the astonished man and led him over before the canvas. "Look at that!" he cried. "Ah, now look at that! What did I tell you! You thought I never could catch it—Oho, aha, ohe, tralala, la, la, la, loo!"

That was Corot—unrestrained and unconventional.

It was in this way that Corot worked during the last twenty-five years of his life. His father had given him a little house, the Ville d'Avray (veel-dav-ray'), near Paris, and there the old bachelor went in the summer with his sister. There he spent his time filling his soul with visions of nature, and when he returned to Paris these were transferred to canvas. His famous picture, "The Dance of the Nymphs," was probably painted in this manner in 1851. This painting is a morning poem, breathing the freshness of a world that is forever innocent and young. It shows plainly why Corot was called the "happy one" of the Barbizon painters. An old gray-headed artist, standing before this painting, once exclaimed: "It is a Corot, there is nothing more to be said." Corot himself said: "To really get into my landscapes you must wait until the mists have cleared a little. Be patient! You cannot see the whole at first; but gradually by and by you will get in, and then I am sure you will be pleased."

All of Corot's pictures, however, are not so wonderful as this. Some are of such poor quality and so evidently finished for sale that they are known as "the Corot commerce." The great artist would once in a while.

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ELY OWNED

ORPHEUS GREETING THE MORN. By Jean Baptiste Corot

IT was not until Corot was fifty years old that his work received anything like the notice it deserved. In 1846 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor for his painting called "View of the Forest of Fontainebleau." He was promoted to be an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1847. For forty years of his career, however, when they deigned to mention him at all, the critics said, "There are two worlds, God's world and Corot's world." He was regarded as a harmless lunatic, who saw things differently from others. Although he contributed regularly to the Paris Salon, his pictures ob ained no prominence. When he came up to Paris, street gamins would follow him, making jokes at his expense. In truth he was unusual in appearance. He was six feet one inch in height, weighed over two hundred pounds and wore a peasant blouse, and as he walked along sang softly to himself. He wore a woolen cap, and invariably smoked a short pipe. His long white hair surrounded an innocent, ruddy face, with kind, pleasant eyes. He never married, and to the end of his life remained as innocent as a child. In 1848, during the fighting at Paris, he asked with childish astonishment, "What's the matter? Are we not satisfied with the Government?" And during the war of 1870 with Prussia, this great gray-headed child of seventy-four bought a musket to join in the fight for his country.

He was wonderfully benevolent. Every friend who begged for a picture received one. He had no idea of the value of money. One time, contrary to his custom, he refused to an acquaintance a loan of 5000 francs. Then becoming contrite, he ran breathlessly after him and said, "Forgive me, I am a miser, but there they are," and handed him the money. When a picture dealer brought him 10,000 francs for a painting, he directed him, "Send it to the widow of my friend Millet, only she must believe that you have bought pictures of his."

Corot was a favorite with all who knew him. His friends called him "Papa Corot," and gave him their love and respect.

At the Siege of Paris, Corot could have kept outside the barriers in safety, but he would not do this and remained in the city, refusing every comfort that he could not divide with others. He spent all the money he had in caring for the wounded, and nursed the sick by night and day. He carried everywhere hope, good cheer and a courage that never faltered.

His many friends thought that Corot had been officially neglected, and in 1874 they presented him with a gold medal. When the medal was presented, Corot's simple reply was: "It makes me very happy to be loved like this." That was his nature, simple and unaffected.

After his fiftieth year Corot's methods changed. His art became broader in tone, and more poetic. Twenty years later his painting became full of "mystery," and in the last ten years of his life he was acknowledged to be one of the five or six greatest landscape painters the world has ever seen. During these last few years he earned large sums for his paintings, which became greatly sought after. His income was over 50,000 francs per year—"more than I received for pictures during my whole career," he once said. Even then he wept at parting with some of his paintings. "You see, I am a collector," he used to say, "but being poor, I have to paint all my pictures myself—they are not for sale." Probably if he had not wanted the money to give away, he would not have sold any of his pictures.

When Corot felt his last illness upon him he said to a pupil, "I have no reason to complain of my fate—far otherwise. I have had good health for seventy-eight years, and I have been able to do nothing but paint for fifty. My lot in life has been excellent." A few days before his death he told one of his friends that he had seen in a dream "a landscape with a sky of roses and clouds of roses too; it was delicious," he said; "I can remember it quite well. It will be an admirable thing to paint."

Corot died in Paris on February 22, 1875. His last words were, as he gazed unconsciously into vacancy, "Look how beautiful it is! I have never seen such lovely landscapes."

When he died he was the best loved man in Paris. Five thousand art students wore crêpe on their arms for a year in memory of "Papa Corot."

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